

ROBERT BARRAT: **THE LITTLE BROTHERS**

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the

Commonweal

THOMAS J. O'DWYER

**PIERCING
THE
HOUSING SMOG**

JOHN TRACY ELLIS

**THE CHURCH
IN
COLOMBIA**

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

JOHN A. LYNCH

CAROL H. WEISS

october 3

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"Measuring Up" to a Saint

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THE Commonweal

week by week

RESORT TO "LITTLE WARS"

IF more sensational matters at home have produced a lull in the campaign's foreign-policy debate, they have had little effect on what remains the biggest issue now confronting this nation. How to prevent Soviet domination of the world is still the persistent question.

The United States and other nations in the free world base their policies on the plausible, if not watertight, assumption that the USSR will not embark on a general war. At the same time they realize that the Kremlin is as determined in its world ambitions as ever. This leads the Soviets inescapably to a tactic of aggressive efforts of a more limited sort, a strategy of weakening the center of resistance by nibbling at the periphery—a feasible approach when one considers the location of important sources of certain critical materials and the poverty and unrest in the lands where they are found.

Such moves, pointing in other directions than at Europe and North America, threaten to be accentuated now that the defenses of Western Europe are shaping up. The impending success of our postwar policy—above all of keeping the Ruhr and other vital industrial regions out of Russian hands—simply tends to shift the *loci* for attack.

And so, with determination firm on both sides of the Curtain, we are confronted by "little wars." A third winter looms for the war in Korea. On the ground there are bloody battles over individual hills, but the over-all battleline remains rigidly stabilized. In the air, in the face of stiff resistance, we are pulverizing North Korea's power facilities and supply centers (and the region's cities) one by one.

Truce negotiations have long since been devoid of any hope for settlement; the indecisive war drags on. At home its impact is largely confined to the families of marines and soldiers currently on the firing line. Yet the war is unpopular in the United States; it is held to be the result of our own mistakes; it is at present costly in lives and taxes; there is no end in sight.

Perhaps even more than any foreseeable "little war" that could be expected to succeed it, the Korean War has produced some beneficial secondary effects:

the drain on Communist China and the obstacles it raises to Chinese invasion of strategic Southeast Asia; the stern warning it embodies, to discourage aggressive moves elsewhere; or the evidence it presents that for the first time in human history a United Nations can and will hurl back the challenge of attempted conquest.

MUCH hangs on the fact that important sources of oil, uranium, tin, other critical metals and natural rubber are lands that lie on the periphery of the USSR and her various satellites. Extremes of poverty and wealth and the stirrings of new nationalisms have combined with Communist agitation to create widespread popular resentment and unrest. Economies are sagging and governments shaky; internal coups are frequent. The vast sub-continent of India itself, spokesman for the recently liberated peoples of the Far East, is beset by wholesale poverty and periodic famines; its new government is uncertain of its program and support.

Besides, there are the other "little wars" which the right sort of free world assistance can shorten: that of the French and the Vietnamese in Indo-China, of the British in Malaya and against the rebellious forces in independent Burma. In all these countries wars and threats of wars have to be met by both military and nonmilitary measures.

Even so, the aggressive persistence of the USSR may lead to other "little wars." That is a possibility squarely to be faced. Bad as it is, it is much to be preferred to the wholesale destruction inherent in a general war. The whole burden of our defense policy would seem to hinge on this: if our Point IV and other similar programs are sufficiently expanded, while the defenses of the free world are strengthened and the United Nations grows in prestige and power to enforce its decisions, the areas where wars are possible will constantly diminish. If "little wars" now appear as a next-to-last resort in the wider context of worldwide defense against the march of Soviet Russia, their role will constantly decline as the newer nations and UN gain in strength.

LABOR UNITY

EVER since the CIO was formed in 1936, suggestions aimed at restoring labor unity have been frequent. But the events that attended the birth of the CIO left deep wounds, and even such an influential advocate of labor unity as President Roosevelt was never able to bring labor's major segments together again.

In 1938, the AFL said that John L. Lewis would have to retire if peace was to be restored. Lewis countered with the suggestion that both he and William Green should resign as heads of their respective organizations in the interest of unity. This suggestion Mr. Green greeted with a pronounced lack of enthusiasm, and for a while the matter rested there.

After Lewis resigned as head of the CIO, more responsible talks aimed at labor unity took place under the auspices of Green and Philip Murray. But although these talks were renewed from time to time and did make considerable progress, they still stopped considerably short of their goal.

Now John L. Lewis and William Green have been at it again. In the course of a routine speech, the venerable Green made an equally routine plea to his departed brethren to return to what he calls "the house of labor"—a turn of phrase hardly calculated to advance the cause of labor peace very markedly. No one else paid much attention, but John L. startled all concerned by firing back a telegram suggesting a conference of AFL, CIO and independent unions with reunion as the goal.

Lewis was never exactly the Dale Carnegie of the labor movement. In one of his kindlier moments, for example, Lewis was quoted as remarking on the subject of Green's abilities that the AFL leader

really did not have a head; his shoulders, Lewis said, had just humped up and haired over. As a result of such remarks, Lewis' fellow labor leaders regard him with slightly more suspicion than they do the NAM, and if peace comes, it is dubious that Lewis will usher it in.

However, there was the telegram from Lewis, and for the sake of the record something had to be done. So the seventy-nine-year-old Green solemnly assured Lewis that his wire would be referred to the Executive Council, and there the matter is likely to rest.

By now, many outside observers have even lost a good portion of their early enthusiasm for the cause of labor unity. The disadvantages of the present division are many, but they see certain advantages in having separate labor organizations to promote healthy competition and keep all concerned from getting too fat and comfortable. In any case, whatever the merits of the matter, it seems likely that any fruitful high-echelon moves toward labor unity will have to wait on the day when younger leaders will be in command.

THE AFFAIR NIXON

THE disclosure that for the past two years Senator Richard Nixon has been the beneficiary of a privately established fund, set up by wealthy Californians eager to help finance his crusade for "free enterprise," has, at least momentarily, eclipsed all other issues in the campaign. The questions now raised may greatly influence the eventual outcome of the election and they will most certainly influence the future of Richard Nixon.

For quite apart from any question of Senator Nixon's private motives and integrity, or of the legality of his accepting this support, the fact that he did use such a fund in the first place indicates that he is probably not the man, whatever his personal virtues, to lead any crusades for "integrity" in government. A defection of intelligence, if not a defection of conscience, would seem to bar him from such a role.

Richard Nixon probably always voted in accord with his own conscience, but his acceptance of a fund subscribed by men who aimed to further their own version of "free enterprise" by aiding his legislative career certainly indicates an insensitivity to political propriety on his part. For there can be no doubt that the donors would hastily have withdrawn their support had the Senator ever re-examined his positions and voted contrary to their expectations on such issues as, say, public housing or labor legislation.

The argument that Nixon would have been willing

NEXT WEEK

JAMES O'GARA writes about the large influx of Puerto Ricans and what they encounter.

"Once settled in New York, the Puerto Rican takes the traditional place of the immigrant at the bottom of the economic ladder. Unless he has special skills, he is strictly limited in the kind of job open to him. Most newly arrived migrants have no such skills, and they end up washing dishes, working in laundries, packing cookies, making candy or working as general laborers. Puerto Rican women fare better. Fine sewing is a part of their Spanish heritage, and for many of them this skill opens the door to quick employment in New York's garment factories."

to lose the fund at any time a conflict occurred between his conscience and his patrons is beside the point. By his initial acceptance of it he irrevocably placed himself in the debt of men with a special axe to grind, and only a legislator with a dull sense of political morality could ever incur such a debt. Because political morality is more than strict "legality," and corruption is frequently more subtle, and therefore more dangerous, than the "bought" vote.

Even more disturbing than the Senator's original folly in accepting a private fund, however, has been his reaction to the disclosure of its existence. His charge that criticism of the fund is the work of "crooks and Reds," his argument that nothing wrong, or even unwise, was done because "others do it too," are especially disconcerting.

Even though no clear case of "corruption" may be involved, the moral to be drawn from this affair is obvious: political folly, like political wisdom, is the monopoly of neither party. The current episode, if it accomplishes nothing more, should make both parties cognizant of this truth.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AGAIN

LAST April, a diocesan journal in Rome called "The Bulletin of the Catholic Clergy" set off an international dispute with an article severely critical of psychoanalysis. Because of the way in which the matter was reported, this article was at first widely interpreted as a condemnation by the Church of psychoanalysis. Despite the fact that the Church would never speak authoritatively through such an organ, the resultant confusion was not easily dispelled, and the article continued to arouse heated controversy long after its initial publication.

Now, with the echoes of that affair hardly died down, for a few days the whole thing seemed in danger of starting up again. In speaking to a group of surgeons recently, Pope Pius severely censured "the pansexual method of a certain school of psychoanalysis." Immediately his remarks were picked up by the press and reported all over the world. Happily, *L'Osservatore Romano* anticipated that misunderstandings would arise and quickly followed up his remarks with an article designed to make their meaning quite clear.

"The Pope," the Vatican paper stated, "did not deal with psychoanalysis in general . . . but with the 'pansexual' method of a certain school of psychoanalysis and he did not deal with the nature or the therapeutic value of this method but only with the transgressions of the ethical limit that it committed. Similarly, the Pontiff did not forbid or condemn the psychotherapeutic cure of sexual neuroses but dis-

approved of the amoral way in which this cure is applied in practice.

"It must not be forgotten," the article continued, "that there are other psychoanalytical methods not tainted with pansexualism and moreover that all systems of psychoanalysis have in common certain principles, methods and psychic experiments that are in no way contrary to natural ethics and Christian morals and were, therefore, not in the least alluded to or censured by the Pontiff."

Few subjects seem to compare with psychoanalysis for ability to set off public debate. This time it should be clear from the start that the Pope did not deliver a condemnation of psychoanalysis as such, and the prompt clarification of his remarks by *L'Osservatore Romano* should prevent widespread misunderstanding.

STEVENSON AND McCARRAN

ONE of General Eisenhower's greatest weaknesses has been his refusal to disown the more frightening know-nothings in his party, but one of Governor Stevenson's most admirable stands has been his unwillingness to make blanket endorsement of Democratic candidates. This position has offered the Governor one of the major arguments for his appeal to independent voters. They have applauded his high-mindedness in these matters.

Recently the Governor was given a chance to make concrete application of his fine principle. But when he was asked if he would endorse Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, he hedged. He did not "know the Senator personally," he said, and besides, he was "not sufficiently acquainted" with McCarran's record to give an answer.

The first point, about knowing the Senator "personally," seems rather irrelevant. After all, General Eisenhower has, fortunately, never been particularly intimate with Joseph McCarthy, and yet he took a stand which the Governor has felt free to criticize. And the second point is difficult to believe from any man as well informed as the Governor. McCarran, after all, is a man whose influence in our national life has been almost impossible to ignore, and most Americans concerned with the public welfare must by now have formed quite strong judgments, pro or con, on what he stands for.

By thus avoiding an issue which must be faced, Governor Stevenson is seriously weakening his argument against Eisenhower's endorsement of such men as McCarthy. It is to be hoped that he will speedily reevaluate his position, and have the political courage to take a stand regarding specific men in his own party whose records he cannot approve.

McCARTHY ON McCARTHY

ACCORDING to Senator McCarthy and his friends, the Senator himself is today the foremost victim of political smears and character-assassination. There is no validity, they insist, to the unfavorable connotations the word "McCarthyism" has gained, and those who employ it are either outright Communists or victims of a *Daily Worker*-inspired smear-campaign against a courageous, straightforward patriot who has been falsely accused.

The Senator himself has equated "McCarthyism" with "the fight for America." His opponents, of course, take a somewhat less kindly view. To them the Senator's name has rightly come to be associated with a new technique of political controversy: attack-by-innuendo, the careless suggestion of ignoble motives, political double talk and hit-and-run personal assault.

Senator McCarthy says of his famous—or infamous—Senate speech on General Marshall's record that he did no more than put together the history of the General as it was found piecemeal in the writings of Marshall's friends and those who were neutral to him. I am sure then that the Senator will not object to this brief aside on the attack itself which is pieced together from the writings of Joseph R. McCarthy.

All the quotations here are to be found in Senator McCarthy's two volumes: *America's Retreat from Victory: The Story of George Catlett Marshall* (an abridged version of the speech) and *McCarthyism: The Fight for America*. Both books are published by the Devin-Adair company.

"The people, I am convinced, recognize the weakness with which the administration has replaced what was so recently our great strength. They are troubled by it. And they do not think it accidental. They do not believe that the decline in our strength from 1941 to 1951 just happened. They are coming to believe that it was brought about, step by step, by will and intention . . . they note the policy of retreat before Soviet assertions from Yalta to this day, and they say: this is not because these men are incompetents, there is a deeper reason.

"How can we account for our present situation unless we believe that men high in this Government are concerting to deliver us to disaster? This must be the product of a great conspiracy, a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man." (*America's Retreat*, page 169.)

"It meant nothing to [*Time* magazine], of course, that they could not find a single quotation that was twisted. Nor were they concerned about misquoting the record—a record which showed that I never even remotely promised to expose 'a conspiracy so immense and an infamy so black as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man,' but had merely promised to give a cold, documented history of one of the

most powerful figures in American history." (appendix to the same book, page 177.)

"Who constitutes the highest circle of this conspiracy? . . . It is when we return to an examination of General Marshall's record since the spring of 1942 that we approach an explanation of the carefully planned retreat from victory." (same book, page 171.)

"Did you accuse Marshall of being a traitor? No. I very carefully put together the history of General Marshall as it was found piecemeal in the writings of his friends and those who were neutral to him." (*McCarthyism*, page 69.)

"Even if Marshall had been innocent of guilty intention, how could he have been trusted to guide the defense of this country further? We have declined so precipitously in relation to the Soviet Union in the last six years, how much swifter may be our fall into disaster with Marshall's policies continuing to guide us? Where will it all stop?" (*America's Retreat*, page 171.)

"Right or wrong, brilliant or stupid, patriot or traitor, Marshall is one of the most important figures, if not the most important, in the last 10 years." (*McCarthyism*, page 69.)

"If Marshall were merely stupid, the laws of probability would have dictated that at least some of his decisions would have served this country's interests." (*America's Retreat*, page 171.)

"The thing that is so inconceivable about much of the criticism of the Marshall history that I gave, is the type of objections which are raised. If a man is—as Marshall's friends claim he is—a great man, he should not object to having his life scrutinized in great detail. If he made mistakes, that is no disgrace. Only those who do nothing make no mistakes. To prove that Marshall made mistakes does not indict Marshall of being either incompetent or of following the Communist cause." (*McCarthyism*, page 69.)

"Where next will Marshall's policies, continued by Acheson, carry us? What is the objective of the conspiracy? I think it is clear from what has occurred and is now occurring: to diminish the United States in world affairs, to weaken us militarily, to confuse our spirit with talk of surrender in the Far East and to impair our will to resist evil.

"To what end? To the end that we shall be contained and frustrated and finally fall victim to Soviet intrigue from within and Russian military might from without. Is that far-fetched? There have been many examples in history of rich and powerful states which have been corrupted from within, enfeebled and deceived until they were unable to resist aggression." (The closing sentences of *America's Retreat from Victory: The Story of George Catlett Marshall*.)

JOHN COGLEY.

Piercing the Housing Smog

"THE OUTCRIES OF 'SOCIALISM' ON THE PART OF THE OP-
ONENTS OF PUBLIC HOUSING ARE HARDLY CONVINCING"

THOMAS J. O'DWYER

TIME and again I have been asked why I have become so much interested in housing and why, above all, I have favored public housing. I have invariably replied that as a priest I am interested in works of mercy. I consider that aiding homeless people to find a home is one of the works of mercy. The priest must of necessity have a vital interest in housing. Proper housing at a price that the people can afford to pay is an essential element in family life. Priests who have been active in the pastoral ministry through the years know very well what inadequate housing means to families. When families are compelled to live in congested quarters amidst unsanitary conditions there is a great tendency on the part of the members to look outside the home for all their leisure-time interests.

As one who has been actively concerned with slum clearance and decent housing for families of limited income in Los Angeles for close to a quarter of a century, I am thoroughly convinced of the grave need for the city to stand by its contract with the Housing Authority for the construction of ten-thousand low-rent dwelling units and for the required slum clearance.

From a constant and intimate study of the problem and long experience with all the factors and factions involved, I can state the need for the program continues to exist. Judging by the past, and by the rather pathetic fact that slum property ownership is highly profitable financially, private realty operators will not meet the need. For years, futile efforts have been made in this city, and in many others in the nation, to induce private capital, often with offers of generous subsidies, to initiate low-cost housing programs. The ultimate profit to be made was not deemed adequate.

The hope that business and financial leaders would provide capital at low interest rates for such programs, out of a sense of sacred responsibility and civic stewardship, has proven illusory in most places. Only a few such limited dividend corporations have come into being, and their activities scarcely scratched surfaces. Private cooperative housing programs have met with powerful financial resistance everywhere.

Monsignor O'Dwyer is the pastor of St. Mary's Church in Los Angeles.

Catholic welfare leaders and sociologists, in Washington, D. C., and in virtually every archdiocese and diocese in this nation, have long since concluded that the only way of providing housing for low income families is by the action of city and county governments with financial aid from the federal government.

In view of such sponsorship, the outcries of "socialism" on the part of the opponents of public housing are hardly convincing. Moreover, the Housing Act of 1949, extending the program begun in 1937, was introduced jointly by twelve Republicans and twelve Democrats and had bi-partisan support.

Some of the same large-scale realty operators who have opposed public housing have specialized in one and two bedroom houses, which have been dubbed "the American home," to house "the typical American family" of husband and wife and two children. Here in Los Angeles, the City Housing Authority has far exceeded private subdividers and builders, on a ratio basis, in building homes with three, four and five bedrooms.

THE theory that any intervention by Government in social and economic life is "socialistic" is not in harmony with persistently reiterated Papal pronouncements. In his *Encyclical on Christian Marriage*, Pope Pius XI had this to say of housing suitable to the needs of the Christian family:

"If for this purpose . . . private resources do not suffice, it is the duty of the public authority to supply for the insufficient forces of individual effort, particularly in a matter which is of such importance to the commonwealth, touching as it does the maintenance of the family and married people."

These cries of "socialism" and even of "communism" do a grave and critical disservice to our American people at a time when all of us are vitally concerned for maintaining Christian principles and American traditions in the face of the threat of world Communism, and when men are dying in Korea in combat with *real* Communists.

The basic opposition to public housing comes in this city, and in others, from owners of slum property, from which they derive high profits. Rentals charged are out

of proportion to the property values. Almost nothing is expended for maintenance and repair. And such owners, who would never themselves live in such areas, do much to drive desperate, disheartened persons towards Communism. It is among the ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed that Communism all over the world has made its rank and file recruits.

THE taxpayers in general are appealed to by the realty interests with such cunning slogans as "Don't pay somebody else's rent." But it is the taxpayers who for years have had to pay for the inordinate costs of police, fire and health services in slum or "blighted" areas. Only three per cent of the population of Los Angeles, for example, lives in such areas. But forty-seven per cent of all major crimes are committed in those areas: fifty-five per cent of all juvenile delinquents live in them; sixty per cent of all sufferers from tuberculosis; thirty-five per cent of all fires occur; children are killed in the traffic-congested streets.

Major epidemics which menace the health of an entire city invariably originate in slum areas. The bubonic plague which attacked Los Angeles in the 1930s, was brought under control only after the City Health Department killed the rats and razed the houses of a large slum area.

When it is held that the current Los Angeles housing project does not entail slum clearance, this is a truly amazing error of fact. There are about ten thousand slum dwellings to be eliminated. The 1950 United States housing census showed that 169,004 persons, of whom more than fifty thousand were children, lived in sub-standard dwellings. Thousands of these slum dwellings are in the central industrial area, mixed in among factories, wholesale buildings, etc.

Ironically, it has been contended by some that the present proposed slum clearance would never have been necessary if the City Health Department had arranged for their condemnation down the years in connection with the enforcement of health laws by which only so many persons are permitted to live within a given space and under specified sanitary conditions. But pressures were always brought against such enforcement on the ground that no other housing existed for these people. Also, there were those who said, "Such housing is good enough for them; they have never known any better anyhow." When it was pointed out that a city-wide epidemic might originate in these slums, there were those who said, "It's a risk we have to take, because slums are inevitable."

The claim has been advanced that the current proposed program will cost the city more than \$200,000,000. I have gone over the figures again and again. The off-site facilities the city will provide will be such as are provided also for private realty developments, and the

total cost will not go much above \$300,000. That is about one-seventh hundredth of the alarmist figures put out by the opposition.

It has been claimed that the City Housing Authority is not responsible to "anyone," another strange error of fact. The commissioners of the Housing Authority are appointed by the Mayor and can be removed by him at any time. The program is under the complete fiscal and audit control of the United States government.

The rapid growth of Los Angeles' population, the increasing decentralization necessitated by both private home building programs and the construction of our great freeways to relieve traffic congestion, have made necessary the razing of many blighted areas left in the center of the city.

For ten years, the City Housing Authority has provided homes for families displaced by public improvements, water and power developments, parks and playgrounds, and now the freeways. Under the Federal Urban Redevelopment Law, by which Los Angeles was authorized to set up a redevelopment agency, any city or other political subdivision can only receive Federal funds if it assures temporary housing for those displaced.

All this has entailed a three-fold solution:

(a) The enforcement of city laws and ordinances covering standards for dwellings.

(b) A community redevelopment program, in which private enterprise may, if it will, rebuild in the wake of slum clearance.

(c) A low rent housing program.

The Federal Housing Act of 1949, extending that of 1937, is not a device imposed on state or local governments, as it has been claimed. For fourteen years past, California has had legislation enabling cities and counties to set up housing authorities to determine their own needs and desires in the matter of securing Federal assistance.

This brings us to the heart of the matter — the fact that the Los Angeles City Council, three weeks after the law was passed, voted *unanimously* to adopt an ordinance approving the ten-thousand-unit housing program and to authorize a contract between the city and the Housing Authority.

It was on August 9, 1949, that the contract was signed. It clearly defined respective obligations. It was a contract identical in form with many entered into between other American cities and their Housing Authorities, in which both parties agreed *not to abrogate the contract* "so long as any obligations issued to aid in financing the program were outstanding." The Housing Authority then contracted with the Federal Government for financial assistance for a \$110,000,000 program. Architects and engineers prepared plans and specifications for each of eleven projects. Some eighty-five per cent of the 2800 parcels of land were acquired. The Housing Authority eliminated close to half of the slum

dwellings, relocated 1,791 families, called for bids, and spent in excess of \$13,000,000 of public funds up to December 26, 1951, the day eight of the fifteen members of the City Council voted to rescind all previous authorizations and approvals and to repudiate the contract. It marked the first time in the history of Los Angeles that this city has ever repudiated a contract.

The California Supreme Court has ruled that the contract was valid and the project must be carried out.

Government has done well by private real estate enterprise in underwriting the purchase of homes by veterans under the GI Bill of Rights. It may be that some similar arrangement can be legislated in time for families of low income. But even such arrangements could be called "socialistic." Ideally, it would be better if local communities and private endeavor, on their

own, would somehow provide low cost housing for low income families.

All of us, I think must stop thinking of slums as inevitable. In our times and with our nation's productive capacity, there need not be "blighted areas." The need now is for private realty operators and home builders to think in terms not only of profits but also of the critical needs of families.

It is evident, however, that we need the assistance of government — local, state and national — in the elimination of slums and redevelopment of our cities and the re-housing of low income families, especially those of minority groups. And the stewards of cities, like any ordinary citizen, should continue to honor the sanctity of contracts. They should not be regarded as "scraps of paper."

AN HISTORIAN'S IMPRESSIONS

The Church in Colombia

JOHN TRACY ELLIS

I N its issue of August 22 *The Commonwealth* carried an editorial on the proposals set forth by Dr. José Maria Chaves of Queens College for a settlement of the religious strife in Colombia. Anyone who has even a slight acquaintance with the ugly situation which has arisen between the Catholics and Protestants within Colombia during the last few years will welcome the constructive ideas of this Colombian Catholic layman and hope that they may be seriously entertained by all elements involved in the present controversy.

True, Dr. Chaves' suggestions may not provide a solution that will quickly and perfectly heal the wounds that have caused such grave damage to the internal peace of Colombia and to the amicable spirit that has characterized the relations of that important South American republic with the United States. But at least they offer a plan whereby the initial step can be taken toward a settlement, namely, a calm and reasonable discussion by the principals of the differences which divide them.

On June 16 the present writer left Washington by air for Colombia where he spent ten days in Bogotá and its environs before traveling on to Lima, Peru. Obviously no one who spends ten days in the capital of a country, with several brief trips into the neighboring

countryside, can pretend to any thorough knowledge of that country's life and problems. Recognizing the exceedingly delicate and complicated character of the current religious trouble in Colombia, and the handicap of only ten days' observation, I certainly would not wish to hazard any serious analysis of the situation. Suffice it to say that from what was heard and said it was not difficult to draw the conclusion that there had been blame on both sides.

Certainly the actions of some Protestant groups in appropriating to themselves the authentic devotion to the Mother of God—which is so deep and widespread among Catholics in all South America—in carrying on street services on Sunday mornings in front of Catholic churches, in indulging from time to time in disparaging references to Catholic beliefs, and in using funds sent from abroad to wean baptized Catholic children from their faith by offering free books, lunches, playground facilities, etc., are practices which understandably enough arouse resentment among the responsible leaders of Colombian Catholicism. But just as certainly, the periodic violence which has broken out here and there throughout the republic against Protestant missionaries, their families, and their churches is in every sense reprehensible.

One long-range solution to the difficulty would be an increase in the active parochial personnel of the Catholic Church in Colombia. Through this means the

Father Ellis is professor of American Church History in the Catholic University of America.

entire people—spread over a vast area more than twice the size of France—might be reached, instructed in the essentials of the traditional religious faith of their ancestors, and have afforded to them the facilities for Mass and regular administration of the sacraments.

In respect to the scarcity of clergy, Colombia is relatively much better off than some of its sister republics in South America, but even here the need for priests and religious is far beyond the ability of the Church to supply. Colombia is the third most populous country on the continent, being exceeded only by Brazil and Argentina. According to the 1951 edition of the *Anuario de la Iglesia Católica en Colombia* there is a Catholic population of eleven millions. For the religious ministrations of these, there are 1,815 diocesan priests and 1,268 priests of religious orders, about one priest for every thirty-five hundred persons. Moreover, it must be kept in mind that a considerable number of the 3,083 priests are engaged in teaching and other occupations. The discrepancy is seen in a clearer light when it is recalled that in the United States there is an average of one priest for every 661 persons.

It was conditions such as these—which are much worse in a number of the other Latin American republics—that prompted Eugenio Pellegrino to write his much discussed series of articles on Latin America in the *Osservatore Romano* of last spring. He drew the attention of the Catholic world to the alarming scarcity of priests and religious in South America, which numbers roughly one-third of the total Catholic population of the world, but has only seven per cent of the world's priests.

In fact, the proportion of priests to Catholic laity in some of the countries of South America is so small that the over-all figure, as the Roman writer pointed out, is one priest for every seven thousand persons in Latin America. This situation will account in part for the fact that since 1925, when there were an estimated seven hundred thousand Protestants in those countries, the number has increased seven-fold. This may well make the Protestant churches feel that South America is an obviously fertile field for their proselytizing zeal.

WHEN one considers the antiquity of the Catholic faith in Colombia it is all the sadder to contemplate its losses in recent years. It was on September 11, 1562, that Pope Pius IV established the Diocese of Bogotá, and on March 22, 1564, it was raised to the status of a metropolitan see. On November 7, 1902, Leo XIII made the Archbishop of Bogotá primate of Colombia and the Most Reverend Crisanto Luque, the present archbishop, is the forty-second ordinary in succession from Juan de los Barrios y Toledo, O.F.M., the first bishop. There are three other metropolitan

sees in Colombia, namely, Cartagena, Medellín, and Popayán, with thirteen suffragan sees, six vicariates apostolic, and seven prefectures apostolic.

Under Archbishop Luque's predecessor, the beloved Ismail Perdomo, there was built the handsome St. Joseph's Seminary in Bogotá, as well as an equally attractive minor seminary. In 1951 there were eighty-nine major seminarians and ninety students in the minor seminary, the great majority of whom in both institutions were studying for the Archdiocese of Bogotá. No seminarians in the United States could ask for finer facilities than these seminaries afford. The major seminary is equipped with a splendid auditorium, a good library and a chapel designed in excellent taste.

The faculty of the seminary, which is headed by the Most Reverend Gesù Martinez Vargas, Auxiliary Bishop of Bogotá, as rector, is well trained and in every respect one carries away the impression of an institution admirably equipped to do the work for which it was intended. The curriculum conforms closely to that of all major seminaries, but the writer noted that through the three years of philosophy the students are given a course of one hour a week in the history of the Church of Colombia, something which American seminary directors might emulate with profit in respect to the history of the Church in the United States.

It was in St. Joseph's Seminary that Archbishop Perdomo died, in 1949, after having suffered the loss of his residence in the city during the course of the bloody, Communist-inspired riots which broke out on April 9, 1948, while the ninth Inter-American Conference was in session in Bogotá. During the course of those terrible days not only was the chancery office of the archdiocese burned with all the archives of the ancient see, but those of the apostolic nunciature and the foreign ministry of the government were also destroyed. But far more serious than the irreparable loss of the historical materials of both Church and State in this holocaust, were the deaths of nearly five thousand persons in three or four days, a figure given to the writer by a reliable source in Bogotá. Colombia has not yet fully recovered from the experience of that act of political violence and the marks of destruction can still be seen in the streets of its capital city.

THE Church of Colombia has not only adequate facilities for the training of students for the diocesan priesthood, if vocations could be found, but it has as well two Catholic universities which are, insofar as this writer's observations could determine, as good or better than most of the universities in South America.

In Medellín, the Bolivariana University under the control of the diocesan clergy, and in Bogotá the Javeriana University, which is conducted by the Jesuits—both of which are pontifical universities—would com-

pare favorably with universities of similar character in this country.

At Bogotá there are about three thousand students enrolled in four or five faculties staffed by Jesuits, diocesan priests, members of other religious orders, and laymen. Among these there is a good school of medicine for which there is at present under construction the San Ignacio Hospital, which will further extend and improve the instruction in medical science and nursing education.

Likewise in Bogotá is the new University of the Andes from which Dr. Chaves, author of the recent proposals in the Catholic-Protestant conflict, is on leave from his duties as dean. Here there are several priests on the faculty, a chapel on the grounds, and a number of splendid young Catholic lay professors such as Dr. Emile Dubrulle and Franz von Hildebrand, the latter the son of the distinguished philosopher of Fordham University. The student body of about three hundred and fifty young men receives, in an atmosphere altogether friendly to things Catholic, what would be termed in the United States a junior college education. Upon finishing their course at the University of the Andes many of these students enroll as juniors at the University of Illinois, with which the Bogotá institution has worked out a plan of transfer.

In secondary education the capital of Colombia has not only the large *colegio* run by the Jesuits but a number of other Catholic primary and secondary schools as well, notable among which are two schools with a combined enrollment of nearly two thousand boys in which the Christian Brothers direct the education from the primary grades on through the years until these boys are ready to enter the universities. At the Instituto de la Salle, which is some distance across the city from the Liceo La Salle, the brothers were busy supervising the reconstruction of their buildings which had been destroyed by the rioters in April, 1948.

The visitor will find on the outskirts of Bogotá the Marymount School for girls with a student body of about two hundred and sixty, wherein the instruction is entirely in English. It is conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, whose motherhouse is at Marymount College, Tarrytown, New York. The demand is so great for admittance to Marymount in Bogotá that the Sisters are unable to accept all the Colombian girls sent to them. The teaching staff consists of ten American religious and four native Colombian Sisters and the alert superior who spent many years in the United States, is Mother Anunciata, sister of Juan Yuribe-Holguín, the present Foreign Minister of Colombia.

The Archbishop of Bogotá has a weekly paper entitled *El Catolicismo*, edited by Father Mario Revello, who is a professor in the major seminary. It has no

such circulation figures as *El Siglo* and *El Tiempo*, the two leading Bogotá dailies, of course, but it affords a medium for the publication of religious news which the secular papers often ignore.

AN example of how the lot of the poorer classes can be improved is afforded by the work of Father Jaime Hincapie at Anolaima, a village of about three thousand people, situated some miles out of Bogotá. Father Hincapie has not only done a great deal to hold his people closer to their religious obligations, but through his training in 1945-1947 in the National Catholic School of Social Service at the Catholic University of America he has introduced social services for the poor of his flock which have won widespread admiration and of which the American ambassador spoke enthusiastically to this writer.

On June 20 there was celebrated in the impressive old cathedral of Bogotá the tenth anniversary of the consecration of Colombia to the Sacred Heart. The acting President of the republic was present with his wife and cabinet, as well as Archbishop Samorè, the nuncio. Immediately after the pontifical Mass, celebrated by Archbishop Luque, there took place an open-air Mass which was said on the steps of the national Congress and at which a large crowd of military and citizens of the capital assisted in the Plaza Bolívar on which both the cathedral and the national legislature face. That afternoon the nation was addressed by Pope Pius XII in a trans-Atlantic broadcast in which he made a plea for a restoration of peace to that troubled land which has seen in the last six years deaths by violence which have been variously estimated to number all the way from ten thousand to nearly fifty thousand.

The Holy Father's discourse was a fitting climax to the widely observed crusade of peace which had been in progress throughout Colombia for many weeks. All friends of that distracted country will hope that the intention for which these prayers were offered may be realized so that internal order may once again be restored to Colombia and that the peace may extend itself as well to the ranks of the feuding Catholics and Protestants.

Only in an atmosphere of peace between the warring Conservative and Liberal Parties and the quarreling religious groups can Colombia hope to fulfill the tremendous possibilities which its native wealth and resources hold out. Only in such an atmosphere, too, can the Church hope to conduct its mission properly and to increase its personnel for the realization of the promise which its founders foresaw for it four hundred years ago when they first planted the cross in the great savannah which stretches for miles to the west of the Andes as they encircle the city of Bogotá.

The Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld

IT was last August. I watched fifty religious postulants standing side by side, reciting the *Benedicite* in the bare low-ceilinged room — typical of the French farmhouse — which served as their refectory. The fifty men had come together to begin new lives as Little Brothers of Jesus.

They were young men who looked as energetic as they were recollected. Their clothes, even their faces and bearing suggested a variety of social origins. There were peasants, manual laborers, university students, and seminarians among them. Yet after a few days of living the life of the Gospels together, there was a certain family resemblance.

A few weeks later these men left from Marseilles for North Africa. They had decided to answer the appeal issued over fifty years ago by Père de Foucauld of the Sahara — to take up a life of poverty in perfect imitation of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. They were setting out to begin a year's novitiate in the desert.

Anyone not familiar with the desert can hardly understand how much this interval of a year in silence, with which this life begins, can aid the soul in reaching the point that it will no longer seek anything but the one thing necessary. In this desert world, which seems to stretch out to the infinite, it is easier to forget created things. One finds himself drawn to contemplation and prayer.

PICTURE, if you will, at the base of the last foothills of the Atlas range, a vast plain of rocks and sand. It is far from the coastal and interior cities. Geryville, the last European settlement, a place of shops and neon lights, is nearly a hundred miles away — a journey of six hours across a range of hills cut here and there by the beds of dried-up streams. With its clumps of palm trees and white shrines topped by round cupolas, the village of El Abbiodh gives the appearance of a little Oriental paradise in the center of the desert.

It is a settlement of a few hundred inhabitants, half of them nomads, living wretchedly in huts of dried earth. There are mountains on the horizon and the first sand dunes, beyond which extends the Sahara.

The future Little Brothers have been coming to this place, at once grandiose and intimate, to initiate themselves into their chosen life of evangelical poverty. They

are housed in a large building donated by the French military authorities. The garb of the Little Brothers is rather startling at first, but well-suited to the climate: trousers with a balloon effect and, *checkias* over their heads. All the Brothers wear full beards and go bare-foot.

It is the silence of their desert monastery which strikes the visitor with wonder. Silence in the inner courtyards; silence in the garden, a silence scarcely broken by the murmur of the water pumps and the tinkling of the bells that call the Brothers to prayer; silence in the chapel where the Brothers gather for their conventual Mass and choir duties.

Each year these hermits feel the need of a retreat. Then they depart by caravan for a month on the desert itself. Camels carry their tents and each man walks by himself, meditating and praying. Beni-Abbes is the goal of the journey. On a plateau overlooking a smiling oasis lies the hermitage, the primitive palm-log chapel, where for seven years Father de Foucauld lost himself night and day in contemplation of the Holy Eucharist.

There are now more than twenty *Fraternités* of Little Brothers, six in France, seven in North Africa and the Sahara, four in the Near East, three in the Cameroons and one in Chile. New ones are being established in other countries every year.

A *Fraternité* is a group of Brothers who live and pray together. Each group is small, never exceeding seven men in all. "Form only little groups, little homes, like the Carmelites. Big monasteries necessarily attain a material importance inimical to abjection and humility," Father de Foucauld wrote in the rule.

Nazareth is the key word for understanding the life of a *Fraternité*. Of the three kinds of life which Christ led during His human existence (life at Nazareth, life in the desert, public life) it is the first that is most directly presented for our imitation. A humble life, a life of poverty, a life divided between manual labor and prayer.

First of all, life among the poor. The Little Brothers do not own the quarters that they occupy. They are in the same situation as a worker family or, you might say, a proletarian family, which owns nothing but the ability to work. I have visited many of these *Fraternités* in France and North Africa. They are housed in wooden barracks, dilapidated houses in the working districts, rooms rented by the fortnight in tenement buildings. The same material poverty is everywhere: a table, benches, a few chairs, a few books, some cots. But also everywhere the same cleanliness, the same order—whitewashed walls, a few fine photographs, floors that are swept meticulously. You sense immediately a love for this poverty, which is directly sought.

There are different types of *Fraternités*: one for formation and studies; another for worship — which serves as a retreat and prayer-center for the Brothers in

the same region; the third is a mission devoted to those people who are most abandoned in that mission land. The dominant type, however, is the *Fraternité* of work. The Little Brothers here must earn their own living. And living in the midst of the poorest of the poor, they earn their bread as the poorest do.

Diggers or miners, porters for the mountains, there is no form of honest and humble work that a Little Brother will not undertake. It is the circumstances in each place, the conditions of the labor market which determine their jobs. Having become workers they know the harsh life of the worker from every aspect: the night shift, the inadequate wage, unemployment, accidents.

"Never forget," their rule says, "that the Little Brothers are particularly committed to the most forlorn, the most abandoned, to those who suffer unjustly, to those whom the world rejects or disdains — with or without reason makes little difference. Those who are scorned because of their race or their social condition — for these you must have a preference in truly fraternal and universal brotherly love."

WHETHER it be in Algiers, in Lebanon or in deepest Africa, their doors are open to all. As in the ancient civilizations or in Islam, every guest is regarded by the Brothers as an emissary of God and is treated as such. Whenever you visit a *Fraternité* it is unusual if you do not encounter some homeless North African, some unemployed worker looking for a job, some neighbor who has come for information or simply to warm himself in the hearth-fire of this spirit of friendship. It is known that they have no personal possessions and keep a common purse, that they assign part of their wages as workers for the maintenance of their Brothers in the other *Fraternités*.

Only about one in three Little Brothers attains the priesthood. The priest-Brothers, who comprise the bone structure of the *Fraternités*, have equal rank with the lay Brothers in the governance of each community.

Five in 1933, twenty at the time of the Liberation, the Little Brothers are now one hundred and forty in number. This new way of life, uniting the strictest contemplative life to the most exacting manual labor, seems designed to attract the young. It was with the desire to return to the simplicity of the Gospels that all the great religious Orders began.

Is this not itself the beginnings of a great Order which is taking place before our eyes? This return to a life of poverty lived to the hilt, these tiny islands of charity and prayer existing in the midst of masses who are materially and spiritually the most abandoned — is it not perhaps a providential answer of the Church to the problems with which she is at present confronted?

ROBERT BARRAT.

THE STAGE

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO

HUGH HASTINGS' new play opened the season on an inauspicious note of dullness. Mr. Hastings' little melodrama has achieved a measure of success abroad: the English, in what can only be described as a spasm of insular pride, kept it among themselves for three years, and it has met elsewhere — notably in Stockholm and Australia — with a generous response. Granting this strong commercial inducement, it is still difficult to see what could have led so enterprising a trio of producers (Charles Bowden, Philip Langner, Peter Cookson) to assume that it had any kind of professional future in these rebellious colonies.

The work is small and tedious — of little interest, less design and no art. To a public whose classic popular image of naval life is crystallized in the muscular vitality and gaudy animalism of "Mister Roberts," Mr. Hastings' able seamen and the situations in which he has involved them will, I should say, seem intolerably tepid.

How is it that most British comedies suffer so disastrous a sea change in transatlantic passage? Mr. Hastings and his seagulls suggest a possible answer. His play might legitimately be stamped "For Export to the Commonwealth." It is obsessively preoccupied with the trivia of British class and manners. The exterior world often intrudes vulgarly (there are two offstage explosions, and everyone is engaged in some vague scientific research), but what really matters is the eccentricity of being a Scot and the importance of being a Sassenach.

For much of this dramatic small change, Mr. Hastings shows a minor but agreeable talent. It is not his fault that family jokes meet with chilly silence in the neighbor's living room.

But when Mr. Hastings attempts to cut deeper — to expose a nerve of feeling — "Seagulls Over Sorrento" becomes really quite painful. It is then that British sentimentality, cold and tasteless as yesterday's porridge, comes oozing to the surface. In their moments of extreme crisis — harassed by an overbearing petty officer, meditating on the death of one of their mates — Mr. Hastings' tars can only assure each other that they are jolly good chaps. Everything that might give dignity to their feeling — muteness or restraint, or even shyness — is discarded in favor of a wanton emotional indulgence. And the corollary of this sustained platitude of sentiment is, of course, a consistent platitude of thought.

At the end of three acts, seven scenes, Mr. Hastings and his able seamen have decided that equity and fair

play are paramount ("Injustice is something I loathe and despise"). They have concluded that life is what you make it. And they are sure that, down underneath, everyone is really a jolly good chap.

The burden of the play fell on J. Pat O'Malley, and he acquitted it admirably, with shrewd comic sense and a tasteful determination to put as much of a limit as possible on Mr. Hastings' sentimental holiday. He had competent assistance from a personable crew which included John Randolph, Mark Rydell, Walter Brooke and Bill Daniels. Leslie Nielsen, as a martinet coxswain, manipulated his jaw ingeniously, but otherwise displayed an alarming innocence of dramatic intention.

The symbolic intricacies of Mr. Hastings' title I shall not attempt here to unravel. They would have given pause to Kafka. It is necessary only to remark that the tedium of the proceedings was disturbed intermittently by the mournful yapping of seagulls in the background. (*Closed at the Golden.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

Walter Kerr, The Commonwealth drama critic since 1950, has found it necessary to resign. Appointed as regular reviewer for the New York Herald Tribune in the middle of the 1951-52 season, Mr. Kerr generously finished out the year with The Commonwealth but regretfully finds it impossible to continue this season.

Richard Hayes is well known to readers for his literary criticism and contributions to the Books section.

THE SCREEN

POPPA SAYS

ALL the before-and-after fanfare over the publication of a new Hemingway novel has revived the papa legend. Author James Michener, himself a Pulitzer Prize winner, has gone so far as to say: "Old Man Hemingway has produced a masterpiece and won back the championship. He's still the pappy of us all." Now, however, with the release of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," a new film based on a Hemingway story of the thirties, we may wonder in what way this good writer is the pappy of us all. "The Snows" is a well-made and interesting movie, but it has an awful lot of bilge in it; and the movie keeps reminding us that Hemingway is a product of the Lost Generation—strong on portraying defeat, but less powerful in conveying victory.

It is not fair, of course, to blame all of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" on Ernest Hemingway. Casey Robinson who wrote the screenplay, describes the script as "one third Hemingway, one third Zanuck and one third myself." Actually, Robinson's proportions are really not

too accurate, for, although he deviates far from the original story (which is about a writer who reminisces as he lays dying in Africa) the main structure of the plot is there and the flashbacks, while much different from Hemingway's, could easily be snatches from other Hemingway works like *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*.

As a matter of fact the movie is a sort of Hemingway potpourri with lots of love making, quarrelling, regrets over stories not written and vague talk about the goals of life and the mystery of a frozen leopard carcass found near the western summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, which is called the "House of God."

Darryl F. Zanuck has given "Snows" an expensive production with handsome Technicolor shots of Africa, Spain, Paris, the Riviera and such-like places in which Hemingway expatriates are wont to while away their time. An excellent cast (that must please Hemingway at least in appearance) play the whilers. Gregory Peck has caught the spirit of the restless, searching Harry Street perfectly, well steeped in the sentimental hard-boiled tradition started by other actors playing Hemingway heroes: Gary Cooper, John Garfield, and, in fact, Peck himself (in "The Macomber Affair," which was a better movie than this and more faithful to Hemingway).

The women in Harry's life, particularly the three main ones in the long string of dames, are striking: Susan Hayward as his wife in the present in Africa, well-loaded with dough but unhappy, trying desperately to nurse her husband whose infected leg has become gangrenous and to hold his love although he has never forgotten his former wife; Ava Gardner as this former wife (whom we first see in the flashback to Paris where she's not trying to paint or sculpt or anything—just trying to be happy) who loved Harry so much she destroyed the child within her so as not to tie Harry down ("It's a writer's business to buzz around"), but who left him later when she thought she was losing him to his work; and Hildegard Neff as a wealthy countess, the cool, Riviera mistress in whose villa he becomes a popular author with books as empty as the life he leads in this "smart" society.

Again and again, as you watch these people restlessly searching for they don't know what, you wonder if they are worth all this consideration. The only adult minds in the lot are the African guide (Torin Thatcher) who reminds Ava he's a hunter not a nurse, and Harry's uncle (expertly played by Leo G. Carroll) who tries to set Harry straight from time to time and warns him that writing is an awfully long, lonely safari. It even looks occasionally as if scriptwriter Casey Robinson were impatient with his Hemingway characters. After Harry's wife has her miscarriage, the doctor asks Harry with amazement: "You mean you didn't know about the child? Don't you people talk to each other?"

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE ATTACKS ON CONTAINMENT"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Does not your editorial conclusion in "The Attacks on Containment" (September 5th issue) ignore one fundamental fact, namely, that "containment" is inherently a defensive attitude and such an attitude dooms those who hold it to defeat in the face of such a dynamic force as Soviet Communism?

Soviet Communism is conducting political warfare on behalf of its cause throughout the whole world. It has already brought one-third of the peoples of the earth under its control without a single Russian soldier being scratched. If the free world makes no political or psychological efforts to extend its own creed and way of life, then the struggle is very unequal. I then see no possibility of "containment" achieving the "peaceful co-existence with Russia" of which you speak, for, under our "containment" policy, the Soviet Communist rulers have nothing to lose and only the chance of gain at our expense.

There is nothing recent, or political, in my present attitude. For the last twelve years I have been speaking and writing on the theme of a dynamic faith. My book *War or Peace*, written nearly three years ago, concludes with chapters on "New Techniques" and "Our Spiritual Need" which embody what I am saying now.

I am confident that peace can only be won by a positive policy and not by a negative defensive policy. I also know, as do many others, of situations in various parts of the world which afford those of dynamic purpose the opportunity peacefully to set up strains and stresses within the Soviet dominated world which will preoccupy the rulers with home problems, and gradually disintegrate and shrink their control. In the nature of the case these opportunities can not be publicized without destroying them. But believe me, they exist, and if availed of, can peacefully transform the world, not quickly, but surely.

Only political misrepresentation imputes to me a purpose to promote violent revolution. In *War or Peace* (P. 247), I say: "Violent revolt would be futile. Indeed, it would be worse than futile, for it would precipitate massacre."

JOHN FOSTER DULLES.

"McCARTHYISM AND THE CAMPAIGN"

Staples, Minn.

TO the Editors: "By this time most Americans" in Wisconsin "at least those with an active interest in public life—have taken the measure of Senator Joseph McCarthy" and voted overwhelmingly their confidence in him,

Never was a public better informed, especially as regards your side of the controversy, with the leading newspapers, a host of paid workers, extra copies of the *Daily Worker*, the *Nation* and The Commonweal poured into the state and all crying out their line of smear and innuendo along with the constant Communist style 'impact' of the talkathon.

Your editorial further implies that because General Marshall has been on the government payroll all his life that every thinking American must believe him our greatest hero. I for one cannot see the connection. Would it not be better for thinking Americans to do as they have done in Wisconsin, stack up his praises with his record both before he was ushered into greatness and when he had such a great opportunity to serve our interests after the war?

If your editorial isn't the Communist line, then there is no such thing. I'm willing to let history appraise General Marshall, but if he thinks and acts along the lines of your thought and policy, then all I can say is that the people of Wisconsin have both intelligence and courage.

(Rev.) F. C. FALQUE.

We can't speak for the Nation or the Daily Worker (which would seem to be a dubious ally to win votes in any case), but we have no knowledge of the extra copies supposedly "poured" into Wisconsin.

THE EDITORS.

"AFTER SOCIALISM, WHAT?"

Waukegan, Ill.

TO the Editors: I would like to take issue with one paragraph of Geoffrey Ashe's article "After Socialism, What?" in the September 5 issue. He repeats the Hearstian calumny that federal workers as such owe their jobs and political allegiance to the Democratic party. He repeats it as if it were a self-evident truth, requiring no evidence in its favor. Yet, as a matter of fact, what little evidence does exist would seem to indicate the opposite.

1) Seventy-seven per cent plus of all federal employees are concentrated in the five largest agencies: Department of the Army, 21 per cent; Department of the Navy, 18 per cent; Post Office, 20 per cent; Department of Air Force, 12 per cent; and Veterans Administration, 7 per cent; all these agencies antedate the New Deal.

2) It can by no means be assumed that all or most of the other 22 per cent plus are employed in agencies created after 1933. All these employees total less than 600,000.

3) Results of the 1948 presidential election in the three counties surrounding the District of Columbia are as follows: Prince Georges County, Maryland—

Truman 14,874, Dewey 14,718; Montgomery County, Maryland—Truman 14,336, Dewey 23,174; Arlington County, Virginia—Truman 7,798, Dewey 10,477. These counties are heavily populated by federal workers.

4) California, which has more federal employees than the District of Columbia or any state, has at present two Republican senators and a majority of Republican members in the House.

Admittedly these statistics prove nothing positive; but they do refute the old saw tossed off so nonchalantly by Mr. Ashe.

PAUL LUJANAC,

Secretary, Local 1427, American Federation of Government Employees, AFL.

HELP FOR KOREA

Apostolic Prefecture of Kwangju, Korea,
Columban Mission.

TO the Editors: In July I received from Father Joseph Connors the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) subscribed by The Commonweal's readers for relief work.

The bulk of this sum has been used in the northern section of this province where the people are in dire need. These live in a guerrilla-infested area. Their homes are either destroyed by guerrillas or combat police; they have not been able to sow their crops this spring and are living in caves and such shelter as we can provide. At the time of receipt of this money, some of the people were quite swollen as a result of malnutrition.

Actually, these people are in a worse condition than officially recognized refugees. They are not recognized nor treated as refugees by the authorities and therefore do not receive a rice ration. Hence, we bought barley for distribution and now are fixing up some abodes for them. A very zealous little Korean priest, Father Lucius Chang, is taking care of the distribution. I visited the area two weeks ago.

The help of War Relief Services-NCWC has been tremendous. By way of suggestion, clothing this winter for people such as those above is going to be very critical.

(Very Rev.) HAROLD W. HENRY,
PRO-PREFECT.

"EISENHOWER AS TAFT"

Upper Montclair, N. J.

TO the Editors: Like so many of your editorials, "Eisenhower as Taft" (September 19) puts into exact expression the feeling I have had, I must confess, since very early in the presidential campaign.

I find it very sad to realize that my fervent hopes

concerning General Eisenhower as a candidate have not been fulfilled. And it is my belief that the Republican party (is there a Republican party? or only a Democratic party and an anti-Democratic party?) has done the country a disservice in taking this good man against his own better judgment, out of the job he did superbly well, and in putting him into a position where more and more he appears as a stumbling, inept, naive child, losing completely his own honest opinions, and saying now the absurd things that he has concocted, or someone else has concocted for him, out of the muddle of many-sided advice that has been given him.

The disservice lies in the fact that he has stood for a number of years as a symbol of strength and great personal courage. In the dark days of the war when we were inclined to fear, we felt that as long as General Eisenhower was in control of things abroad we were in a measure safe. He has given us that terribly necessary glimpse of security seen through what now seems an illusion of him as a tower of strength. But now! When he talks I find myself wondering, "Who made his decisions for him back in 1943?"

It cuts him down from the figure of a hero—and God knows, we need a hero!

(MRS.) JESSIE R. RELLAHAN.

A CORRECTION

TO THE EDITORS: Reviewing Dr. Kurt F. Reinhardt's *The Existentialist Revolt* in The Commonweal (August 1, 1952), I said in part: "It was unnecessary for Dr. Reinhardt to have mentioned Heidegger's personal relations to Nazism and to Husserl at all. Since he chose to raise these points he might have done so honestly. Heidegger is the Nazi who was the student, later the assistant, of Husserl. When, under Hitler, Heidegger became rector of the University of Freiburg in Baden he barred his old master Husserl even from the grounds of the University for the crime of Jewishness."

Father John M. Oesterreicher, from whose *Walls Are Crumbling*, I had gathered the impression conveyed in the last quoted sentence, has informed me that the sentence is, in fact, false. Professor Martin Heidegger personally never barred Husserl from the University or from its campus: and the forthcoming second printing of *Walls Are Crumbling* will correct this error, and formally retract it.

I am therefore eager to apologize to Professor Heidegger for falsely attributing to him a reprehensible action which he never committed; and to Dr. Reinhardt for implying that he was dishonest in suppressing any mention of this alleged action. I deeply regret this double injustice.

JAMES V. MULLANEY.

Sanctity: The Common Bond

SAINTS FOR NOW. Edited by Clare Boothe Luce. Sheed and Ward. \$3.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

A SAINT as the subject of a painting does not necessarily have anything to do with sanctity, any more than a still life of fruit need have any connection with food. That a saint is a historical figure, a hero, a symbol, does not necessarily imply anything about holiness.

If there is any one major criticism that can be made of a collection of essays by twenty-two different writers, it is that too many of the essays, perhaps even the plan of the book ("For Now"), are too concerned with saints as symbols and cultural meanings, not enough with saints as saints.

There is no doubt that saints have these implications—that Barbara Ward's Thomas More was a man of action, or Whittaker Chambers' Benedict peculiarly a medieval synthesis. But more important is the Therese of Lisieux in every saint (and Karl Stern's essays on her is the best in the book), the little way, the agony of obedience to God's will. More important that, for us, the saint is not primarily to be admired, but to be followed, to have made a difference.

Certainly the twentieth century is no time to complain that saints have been men of action—but it is also a time to beware lest we reduce them to that alone. I have qualifications about the tone of George Lamb's article, but I am glad that he chose Simeon Stylites. There is nothing you can do with a man who climbs a pillar and sits and prays, except explain that he was a saint, and why. Lamb makes the point well. And Merton's John of the Cross is good, too, "The patron of those who have a vocation that is thought, by others, to be spectacular, but which, in reality, is lowly, difficult and obscure." For even John of the Cross is in danger of becoming a Cultural Hero in our time.

Eliot once wrote that a genuine religious poem is the most difficult to write because the impulse is to feel what should be felt, and not what is. And in a way, the life of a saint relates to all other biography as poem to prose, as affirmation to exposition, involving the same danger of irrelevance intruding upon the naked fact of holiness. But Karl Stern succeeds in this delicate task. His Little Flower not only captures the unhistorical loneliness of sanctity (Heard's Francis de Sales, Sheean's Francis of Assisi, accomplish that, and well), but he presents her so that she might possibly make a difference in someone.

Thus, this hard truth of Stern's: "... a curious incongruity exists between the political and the spiritual history of mankind. It seems almost as if a thing to be world-shaking in spiritual terms had to be inconspicuous and unknown in temporal terms."

And a brilliant comparison of Therese to Ivan Karamazov who said, "it is precisely the neighbor whom one cannot possibly love ... at best one can love those who are far away." And the saint is as difficult to love as the neighbor because the tendency is to love him, or her, as the distant, the impossible, the admired, not the near. (I remember

that James Agee once wrote that the secular humanist was often burdened with an impossible international love which paralyzed his capacity for personal charity, while the religious could do something—pray—for those far away, and was thus able to take upon himself the real weight of actually loving those who were near.)

Stern's last comparison is of Therese to Tolstoy: the giant ideology of love from Yasnaya Poliana, the little bourgeois of Lisieux who was all that Tolstoy ever hoped to be. It is the same dichotomy that divides this collection: the saint as world figure, as aesthetic experience, and the saint as saint.

I missed the tradition of Graham Greene's drunken or adulterous saints, a doubting Thomas or a Jeanne D'Arc at the moment of recantation. I am resentful when Mrs. Luce—whose editorial direction is, on the whole, to be complimented—makes the ultimate irrelevance, that same Jeanne D'Arc as symbol of legitimacy and law-and-order, a saint for the cold war. The essays which concern themselves chiefly with saints as something else than their sanctity are valuable on their own terms. But what makes the book worth while—and it is—are those essays on saints as saints: Lamb's Simeon, Merton's John of the Cross, Heard's Francis de Sales, Sheean's Francis of Assisi, above all, Karl Stern's Therese of Lisieux.

Not With a Bang

A CRY OF CHILDREN. By John Horne Burns. Harper. \$3.

By JOHN A. LYNCH

ONE looks for something of meaning in this book, but hopelessly. An editor would have done well to take the manuscript in hand and ask the author, frankly, "Why?"

The story belongs to a concert pianist, David Murray, and his mistress, Isobel Joy. In brief, they get involved in the usual (for this kind of novel) sordid affair, he eventually breaks with her and mar-

ries a good girl, Isobel goes through with her inevitable abortion.

There is not a moment of depth, an incisive plunge, an honest feeling. It is all surface, and poorly done at that. After the first forty pages we know these people exactly, there is no need to visit again and again their messy bathrooms, their rumpled beds, listen to their obscene conversations, in order to understand them. When the major party at David's and Isobel's is going strong (there are forty-eight pages on it), one begins to look around for something bet-

ter to do—maybe walk the dog, go to bed, anyway, close the book. It all seems like a waste of time: Burns's writing it, Harper's publishing it, the reader's reading it.

And this is embarrassing, because several years ago John Horne Burns published *The Gallery*, and at that time he showed a talent for knowing people and a grasp of the nature of fiction. There were signs of maturity. This, supposedly his third novel, is not a third novel at all; it is a first novel by one of the little boys of the prurient school.

"O, it's really sexy here tonight! Lotsa the kids been askin forya."

How much of this kind of thing are we expected to put up with? Yet it goes on for dozens of pages. And when they aren't conversing, they're cavorting, striking attitudes, or making faces.

The book jacket says that the novel tells "of a man's redemption from the private hell into which his mistress has drawn him. . . . a novel of faith and love. . . ." I would argue this point immediately,

for the publisher is dishonest in trying to present this book as something it isn't. David picked up Isobel in a bar; he was not "drawn" by anyone. His redemption, if it is that, is ludicrous. He wanders into a church (all of the characters seem to be baptized Catholics), picks up a girl singer, and after a little starry-eyed courtship marries

her, while Isobel, fresh from the abortionist's, watches from the outside.

With such a book, it is difficult to be sympathetic with either characters or situations, or Burns's handling of them. It gets to be awfully hard going, and one wonders what has happened to John Horne Burns.

A Quick Look at America

THE FOLKS AT HOME. By Margaret Halsey. Simon & Schuster. \$3.

By FRANK GETLEIN

MARGARET HALSEY'S prose style is that of a bright Hunter College sophomore who reads Robert Ruark on the subway. The writing in her present volume of social comment suffers badly from lack of intensive editing. Those sensitive to such things will feel recurring pain from her gift for clutter clauses set up like road-blocks in the text. And her reasoning, in a book

of analysis, denunciation and prescription, bears resemblance less to Barbara, Cesare, Datisi and that crowd than to Marcel Proust: early in the game she reveals a handful of *motifs*, and these keep coming around at you, like the figures on a mobile, or, more often, like the cutlery and china of a kitchen juggler.

On page 60, Miss Halsey points out, "there is nothing in this book which has not already been said in other books," and this is undeniable. Nevertheless the book has a

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certain value, for Miss Halsey's message has certainly not been said in quite her way: most of the other people who say it have better editors, and, more to the point, most of the others speak as professional men, thinkers, sociologists, writers, critics; Miss Halsey speaks as a professional woman: a wife and mother.

Like some others, Miss Halsey looks at America and sees it coming apart at the seams. Like some others, this book is a kind of Last Chance Saloon: after this, the waste land. The big trouble with the country is tension. The big tension comes from the split personality forced on anyone who wants, on the one hand, to live and work in our Business Society (capitals Miss Halsey's; she uses a lot of them) and on the other to marry and raise a family. Family life needs an atmosphere of love, confidence, rest and relaxation, whereas our B.S. (initials mine) calls for competition—and the dirtier the better.

Miss Halsey opposes Business Society with the "Judeo-Christian"

ethic, a term she has made up to describe a society in which every one is nice to everyone else. Along the way she tosses in dozens of names who have helped her in her personal pilgrimage, but, understandably, this informal bibliography includes none of the people who have seen our Business Society as the direct development of one historical form of the "Judeo-Christian" ethic.

Beneath the cute capitals and the bright sayings there is an occasional discernment, as when she notes that bureaucratic bungling is as rife in corporate enterprise as in any government bureau. But with the mention of government we come to Miss Halsey's supreme error. Throughout the book she is really talking about two different kinds of human character. When she reveals her own favorite, the Do-Gooder, she passes without quite knowing it, from persons to programs and politics. The horrible truth, which she has not seen, is that, in the first place, there really are some kind-hearted businessmen in the world, and in the

second, politics, even liberal politics, has its share of competitive spirits on the make.

Miss Halsey's conclusions, then, are as naive as her style, but the book is important because at last the nasty things that have been said for so long about our way of life are said in the style of popular women's magazines. When these truths get down to the *Daily News*, the coverage will be complete and we'll all be ready for a swing to reaction.

That Silver Cord

DEAR EMILY: A Novel about a Woman of the World. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

By CAROL H. WEISS

IN one guise or another, Emily has been turning up in fiction often enough to seem like an old familiar enemy. She is the woman whom the world sees as a model of feminine charm, but her family and close associates know that she is as ruthless

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as a robber baron and as destructive as the Medusa. In *Dear Emily* she is a wealthy American, intent on becoming the hostess and friend of the most famous authors and artists of the continent. In her zeal to succeed, she leaves a wake of havoc that rivals Sherman's march to the sea.

The story is told from the viewpoint of four men who knew Emily. She used them as she used everyone—to get what she wanted. She took her first lover at nineteen in order to practice up on her amatory skills for the struggles ahead. She married the first time for wealth and position, and got a divorce when she became bored. Her second marriage was to Lawrence Piggott, an extraordinarily talented novelist, because he could give her an entree and a position in literary circles. Her son she managed, and ruined, out of lifelong habit. All of her menfolk would have stood a better chance with a man-eating tiger. But it was the novelist, Piggott, a man with a capacity for greatness, whom Emily's genteel bullying most tragically destroyed.

It's a pretty good story. But the

separate episodes are better than the novel as a whole. The character of Emily, which the dust jacket tells us is supposed to emerge "whole and in the round, like a statue liberated from its encasing marble," doesn't come all the way through. Everyone talks about her villainy, but she remains too shadowy a figure to carry the weight of the story. In fact, the glimpses we get of her in action sug-

gest that she's not such a monster after all. Although admittedly she's no ringer for Elsie Dinsmore, I have the suspicion that the four men involved were self-righteously shifting onto her some of the blame for their own inadequacies. Author FitzGibbon, however, is on their side. His moral is that if you come across a girl like Emily, the only thing to do is cut and run.

A Philosopher's Jottings

METAPHYSICAL JOURNAL. By Gabriel Marcel. Regnery. \$6.50.

By JAMES V. MULLANEY

THESE jottings, published in French twenty-five years ago, cover the period January 1, 1914 to March 24, 1923. In addition to the *Journal* itself, this volume contains an "Author's Preface to the English Edition," an undated appendix "Existence and Objectivity," which is a Marcel article originally published in *Revue de Metaphysique et de*

Morale, and an index. The translation by Mr. Bernard Wall is admirable.

As the word *Journal* indicates, these are random reflections. The only unity is that of recurrent themes, the themes which still characterize this author—being, existence, objectivity, the person, love, value, freedom, God, knowledge. As the word *Metaphysical* indicates, this is an exclusively philosophical diary: the mind of Marcel is too chaste to indulge in self-revelation.

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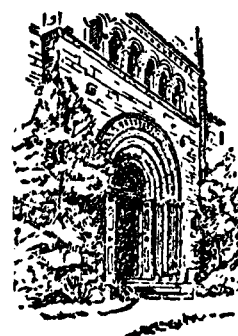
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With courage and humility, M. Marcel has authorized this translation of a very early work at the height of his fame, soon after the appearance of his Gifford Lectures, *The Mystery of Being*. This volume reveals the refinement of Marcel's mind, refined almost too subtly. But it reveals, too, the inevitable limitations of his earlier years—the gropings, the hesitations, the errors. The *Journal* was begun fifteen years before the author's conversion. Some of the reflections on faith, grace, conversion, God, are only partially true.

In philosophy, Marcel begins with Kant. Aristotle is mentioned once, Aquinas not at all. It is surely as naive to begin one's philosophy with Kant as it is to end it with Aquinas. The great classical tradition of metaphysics of the Greeks, the Jews, the Mohammedans, the mediaeval scholastics which Marcel leaves unexplored would have supplied him with that metaphysics of knowledge which is his greatest need. Yet it would be false to conclude that because he does not philosophize within that tradition he is therefore not of it. There are men who, by the excellence of their intellect and the purity of their love, embrace the truth not by being taught it but by way of connaturality. Such a man is Marcel. It is for those who are already heirs to the classical tradition to revitalize it by integrating his thought with it.

How M. Marcel would react to such integration is problematic; it is no secret that he is vigorously opposed to all systematization. In that connection two points must be noted. On the one hand, it is the metaphysicians like Aristotle and Aquinas who went furthest in the direction of systematization who are "the masters of those that know." On the other hand, the most gifted metaphysicians always fell short of perfect systematization. Aristotle's *Metaphysics* is no system; it is a patchwork of disparate little essays written at different times. Aquinas refused to finish his system, the *Summa Theologica*; he left instead a massive fragment.

To renounce system altogether is laziness or dilettantism. To seek absolute system is pride or ignorance.

As we must seek moral perfection, knowing we shall fall short of it, so too must we seek intellectual systematization for the sake of others, knowing we shall fall short of this, also. And that is exactly what Marcel has done. This unsystematic *Journal* was written to supply the materials for a later systematization. Marcel went as far as possible in the direction of system in *The Mystery of Being*. If he has perhaps overstressed the impossibility of absolute systematization this is forgivable.

Because of the problems to which he has addressed himself, M. Marcel has often been called "The Christian existentialist." He repudiates this description "once and for all" in his "Preface." Instead, following the suggestion of a student, he describes his philosophy as "neo-Socratism". This is a most exact way of naming his genius for criticism, including self-criticism; his skill in exposing in a sentence the hidden impossibility in some pretentious "position"; that absolute freshness with which he beholds things; his pure passion for truth, so pure that the passion itself is transformed into the white light of open, courageous intellectuality; his vast patience; his grave, solitary responsibility. He does indeed "provide an irresistible invitation to the reader or the listener to break out of his strait-jacket and plunge directly into that current of personal and passionate research which is the very heart of my thought in its original impulse."

It will not do to say courteously of M. Marcel that it is well to have known such a man through his writings even if one eventually disagrees. He is made of sterner stuff; he insists on carrying the dialogue further than that. The man and the thought are inseparable. "Perhaps we only have the knowledge we deserve. Perhaps it is what we are that is a measure of what we know, and not conversely." Thus the reader who carries away vast respect for the man, but a few reservations about his metaphysics, finds himself disquieted, and therefore still pondering. That is to say, Marcel has succeeded in doing what, all along, he intended to do—he has kindled for one other man the spark of philosophy.

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A Journey from Oxford to Carmel

THE FRUIT IN THE SEED. By Margaret Leigh. Sheed and Ward. \$2.

By ALBAN BAER

NO book, surely, is written with more pain than a story of conversion. The demands of sincerity and honesty, of right proportion, are on no other occasion so severely pressed; the pitfalls of sentimentality and self-centeredness are always dangerously underfoot. Throughout Miss Leigh's book we recognize her consciousness of these problems. She writes in a subdued key and as always aware of the larger framework of her story. There is at every moment a keen sense of the particular tensions and perplexities of our time, even though she nowhere dwells on them exclusively.

Miss Leigh is a careful observer, and not least when she is describing her early years in a detached villa in a "newer" section of Oxford. "On summer evenings the melting tones of 'Redwing' on a barrel organ blended with the whirring of half a dozen lawn mowers up and down the road": this evokes an unforgettable, nostalgic picture, more for its unexpectedness. The descriptions of rural life (of a definitely back-to-the-earth variety) are what one would expect from a successful writer of such country books as *Highland Homespun* and *Harvest of the Moor* and constitute a major part of the book's charm.

But despite her deft and tersely finished style in these descriptions, Miss Leigh is not exhibiting herself as a woman of letters. She is aware, indeed, of her limitations as such, and in her characterization of her first, unsuccessful novel, *The Passing of the Pengwerns* ("... it is spoilt by monotony, weakness of action, and an irritating sense of futility more Russian than English") she indicates perhaps more clearly than she intended why her later attempt at fiction, *The Further Shore* (which "develops in a mature form the same spiritual theme — the loneliness, incompleteness, and unsatisfied longing of the human soul"), did not find a publisher.

Their failure—and its reasons—help to make clear to us what is after all really the burden of Miss Leigh's own story. It is the story, not of a conversion, but of the growth of a vocation to the contemplative life. Her quiet and rather solitary youth (she mentions how the technique of "fading out" never failed to bring her, if not peace, at least resignation), her "nature worship," her distrust of philosophy as a satisfactory answer to the cravings of the human spirit (surely she is unduly modest in underrating her competence as a student of Platonic themes), an underlying detachment which at times, as with the great contemplatives, seems almost to be selfishness; and on the other hand, her continued resentment at any slighting reference to Our Lord and her vaguely liberal, always reverential, agnosticism — all point to a faith not so much dead or lost as merely dormant, ready to be awakened at the slightest touch of divine grace. This came in its own season. It is no surprise to discover that it began with a study of Pascal and ended in Carmel. But the full story is Miss Leigh's, not the reviewer's, and it is done ample justice in a book rich in meaning out of all proportion to its size.

Our Hero

JULIEN WARE. By Guthrie Wilson. Putnam. \$3.50.

By GEORGE MILES

THIS silly story has not a single virtue. The characters are preposterous, the plot is sophomoric, the incidents are sentimental, the descriptions are stilted, the writing is unnatural and unpleasant.

The tone of the book is that of a Frank Merriwell story. A handsome young hero, abused by a shrewish mother, understood by a strong, silent father, lives on the barren section of a rich man's land. Unexpectedly, he gets a chance to go to school (the same school to which rich boys go). He rises to the top of the class,

becomes rich, powerful, attractive to women. The beautiful but haughty daughter of his father's landlord becomes his wife although he does not *really* love her. Later, before he dies in battle, he learns that the other sweet girl *really* loved him all the time.

Julien Ware has many marks of the novel which is composed mentally in adolescence and wisely abandoned at the start of fall classes. It may have been gathered from an old trunk following Mr. Wilson's earlier success. He roams far, far from the glory road with this thing.

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY. By Clement S. Mihanovich, Gerald J. Schnepf, S. M., and John L. Thomas, S. J. Bruce. \$4.25.

A NEW textbook in which each of the three authors contribute individual chapters on various aspects of the question. The emphasis on psychological and sociological factors is pronounced. Pedagogical apparatus is plentiful, with chapter summaries, annotated "suggestions for further study" and detailed bibliographies. A key excerpt reads: "Marriage happiness . . . is like a flower that is always in bloom and that requires the efforts of all the family to keep it fresh." It is not "something which is finally and permanently achieved on a given day." The modern social order comes in for severe strictures for its failure to recognize the role of the family in human society.

REVIEWERS

Michael Harrington is associated with the Catholic Worker movement in New York.

John A. Lynch is a magazine editor and short-story writer, now living in South Bend, Indiana.

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James V. Mullaney teaches in the Humanities department of Manhattan College.

Dom Alban Baer, O.S.B., is a member of the Portsmouth Priory community who teaches in the Priory school.

George Miles is a regular reviewer whose home is in St. Louis.

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